

kenma vs trashcat

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Summary: Kenma just wanted to get out of the rain and play his games, but somewhere along the way, he managed to pick up a stray. (But wait, did cats know how to smirk?) In which Kuroo's a trashcat... literally.

1. does stray rhyme with rain

tbh i just really like cats and kuroken.
>this is my first ever fanfic, so if any mistakesoccnness/etc, please don't hesitate to point it out.**
>disclaimer: i don't and won't ever own the awesomeness that is haikyuu!**

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><p>It's only Thursday afternoon in the middle of a long, boring week, it was pouring buckets like there's no tomorrow, and Kenma is definitely not okay with that. It gets even worse when he finally pulls out his phone after the teacher dismisses them only to see that the battery bar is less than ten percent.<p>

"Ugh," he groans, slamming his head down on his desk.

"Dude, what's up with Kenma?" he hears Yamamoto ask. There isn't an answer, but there's a vague feeling of a shrug somewhere to Kenma's left so he guesses the louder boy is talking to Fukunaga, who talks even less than Kenma on a bad day.

"Dude, what's up with you?" Yamamoto decides to ignore the growing black cloud surrounding Kenma and pokes his shoulder. "School's over, let's go."

"Ugh," Kenma groans again, getting up. He frowns at his teammates, but they're used to his gloominess so they don't react.

Fukunaga makes some movements with his arms, and Yamamoto makes a noise that sounded like a cross between a dying squirrel and an angry hippo. "That's right, there's no practice today. What should we do?"

"I'm going home," mutters Kenma, walking away with his head down.

"What, Kenma's no fun!" whines Yamamoto, but Kenma's already down the hall.

He's thinking about which character he should level up today when he reaches into his bag and realizes with a sinking feeling that he _forgot his umbrella_. _He grabs at his dyed-blond hair, moaning in despair and causing a group of passing first year girls to look at him weirdly before skittering past him. He sighs, pulling up his hood. This is the worst day _ever_.

A couple minutes later, Kenma is soaked through the bones and empty on motivation. He's trudging through puddles mindlessly, the only thing keeping him going is the thought that his level thirty-eight sorceress can gain a new staff if he beats the boss tonight. He's imagining all the new things he could unlock when he hears a strange sound over the rain. Pausing, he turns to his right, and hears it again. It sounds suspiciously like a _meow_.

Kenma frowns slightly, shaking his head so the rain doesn't fall into his eyes. He's really cold and really wet and really just wants to go home and grab himself the last slice of apple pie while he settles down to defeat the iguana-looking boss in the upper dungeon, but when the sound comes again, he sighs resignedly. Curse his weakness for cats.

He backtracks and ducks into the little alley a couple streets before his house. There's a slight shelter from the rain, and he wrinkles his nose when he spots the pile of trash cans and garbage bags. The meowing is louder here. Kenma edges closer, shoving his hair out of his face to try and spot the cat. For a moment, he doesn't see anything, and then- underneath a bag of who-knows-what and some cardboard-sharp, dark eyes made contact with his own.

For a moment, he just stares back, unblinkingly. The cat is black, all ruffled fur and maybe it's the ridiculous rain or his imagination, but Kenma could've sworn that it was smirking at him. Cautiously, Kenma crouches down, holding a hand out.

"C'mon, kitty," he says, holding the cat's gaze, "you're miserable in this rain, too, right? Come with me, let's go somewhere warm."

The cat stares at him some more, head cocked to the side and tail shifting slightly. It meows again, and Kenma wonders if it's laughing at him. Then the cat bounds over to his outstretched arm, and-Kenma frowns, confused, as the cat headbutts his hand. The cat does it again, and Kenma doesn't know how to react to that.

"Um. Are you... Do," Kenma clears his throat, wondering why he's having such a difficult time talking to a freaking cat. "Come on," he says, making a decision. The rain's still coming down and his clothes are all wet and the trash fricking smells and he just wants to get home where it's warm. He scoops the cat up and zips up his jacket

around it, despite the cat being a bit bigger than he anticipated. The cat squirms a little, bumping against his chest, but Kenma's too busy speed-walking through the rain to readjust.

"Alright, stop it," he mutters when he finally unlocks the door and they both make a puddle in the doorway. He lets the cat out while he takes off his soaking jacket. The cat doesn't even move; it just stares up at Kenma in a way that he's sure isn't natural for a cat-as in, cats don't know how to smirk, do they?

"Let's warm up first," he says to the cat, walking up the stairs to the bathroom. He strips and hops into the shower, his skin freezing as shivers running through his body nearly makes him slip on the bathroom tiles. He's washing the shampoo out of his hair when he notices the cat crawling under the hot water, too. "Aren't you supposed to hate water?" he asks it, but it just smirks up at him, sharp eyes lazily trailing up. Kenma frowns, and hurries in his shower, wondering why the cat's gaze made him feel so... exposed. Well, he is naked in the shower, but it's more like... shy. Like when he's trying to get on the subway and there's a huge crowd and he feels like everyone's staring at him but-

Meow.

Kenma looks down. The cat's nudging his leg. "Do you want a bath?" he asks, crouching down. The cat looks at him with its dark eyes, and blinks. Kenma obliges.

A few minutes later, both Kenma and the cat are out of the shower. Kenma digs for some clothes while the cat shakes itself dry (Kenma's never met a cat that actually wanted to shower before). As he's pulling on a sweater, he says out loud, "Do cats like apple pie?"

Obviously he isn't expecting an answer back, and Kenma isn't really planning on sharing his precious apple pie either, so when an unfamiliar, deep voice replies to his rhetorical question, he jumps and knocks his head into the closet door.

"Rather go for some grilled mackerel but hey, you're the boss." The voice drawls in a lazy way, almost as if there's a confident smirk to go along with it.

Slowly, Kenma turns around, eyes wide. And he freezes.

There's a man. Well, maybe not a man, but more like a very tall, pretty fit, and definitely not scrawny-like-Kenma-is boy. With completely wild, unruly bedhead. And sharp, calculating eyes like that cat.

Oh, and he's naked.

Without further ado, Kenma chucks the closest thing that can inflict pain (which turns out to be his PSP) and chucks it in the direction of the stranger.

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"So. You-You're a cat."

"That's right. You have very good aim, by the way." The stranger, who introduced himself as Kuroo, rubs his forehead calmly, though not without a bit of wincing. His face is still wearing that same frustrating smirk, and Kenma can't tell what he's thinking.

"Thanks, I'm a setter." Kenma takes another bite of his apple pie as he considers the- person? cat? possible figment of his imagination?-before him. Now that he's calmed down and accepted that the stranger isn't going to harm him, Kenma notices details that make him wonder if he ate something wrong this morning. The boy, who at first glance just looks like a good-for-nothing teenager, has cat ears sticking out between his messy black hair and a twitchy black tail that keeps distracting Kenma. His brain, for all the videogames and anime he watched, still can't seem to process all this yet. He managed to find some sweaters of his that his parents had bought hoping he'll grow into them and a pair of pants his father wouldn't miss for Kuroo, who somehow managed to make the poor mix-and-match look like it's natural.

"Really? Volleyball seems fun."

"You never played?" Kenma then wonders why he asked that pointless question because a) Kuroo's first words after being konked in the head by his PSP is to explain that he's a cat-human-hybrid so of course he probably never touched a volleyball and b) Kenma's smart, if his grades are anything to go by, and he's sure there are better questions he should be asking.

"Mm, had other things taking priority." Kuroo hums, slurping his instant ramen loudly. "Like surviving."

Kenma looks down at his pie. He decides to go for the most obvious question. "Why... uh, how do you... um. Exist."

Kuroo shrugs, looking up at him with his mouth tilted up infuriatingly. "Some sick fuck's experiment or something. I don't really remember, and I don't really care to."

"Oh." Kenma doesn't know what to make of that; this whole situation seems very surreal, and he's glad his parents worked late because he has no idea how he would even begin to explain. He glances up at Kuroo again. "Are you... okay?"

The other boy just stares at him, until Kenma has to look away again. His smirk disappears for a second, before a genuine smile takes its place. "Yeah. It's actually quite a long time ago, really. I've been living out on the streets for years now." His lips tilt, allowing that cocky expression to slip back on his face. "Been doing quite well, I must say."

"Mm." Kenma finishes his pie, and stands to wash his plate. The rain hasn't stopped, and he hasn't fully given up on levelling up his sorceress, despite being sidetracked by a cat. He turns to ask-something, he's not sure what, when he's pushed against the sink, strong arms on either side of him, effectively trapping him there. He glances up into Kuroo's face, confused.

Kuroo's eyes narrow, staring at him in silence. Kenma looks away, at his shoulder, at his arms, at the ugly sweater, at his chin, anywhere but those eyes that look like they know what he's thinking. Which

isn't a whole lot except _wow, are cats usually this attractive?_

"Um." Kenma risks glancing back up. "What."

Kuroo continues staring down at him for another second, before his tail flicks behind him and he steps back, chuckling. "You're so defenseless."

Kenma's mouth turns down. He walks past the other, heading upstairs again. He doesn't understand what Kuroo's problem is, but it's been raining all day and he just wants to get to his game before he falls asleep. He can deal with the cat tomorrow.

"Hey, where are you going?" He hears Kuroo following him, the bigger boy's footsteps light as a-haha-cat. "Don't ignore me."

Kenma ignores him, entering his room and making a beeline for his computer. He boots up the system as Kuroo settles next to him on the bed.

"Whatcha doing?" The lazy drawl interrupts his logging in, and Kenma twitches. "Hey, don't ignore me. I'm too awesome for you to ignore." When this statement is met with silence, the cat-boy shuffles over. "Come on. I'm like, the next biggest wonder of the world. Cat. Human. Best of both worlds, you know?"

Kenma enters the game world, moving his character across the screen easily. He's doing a great job of pretending there isn't a very annoying (and very... distracting) person beside him, making comments about how 'hot' the sorceress is (like what, it's a bunch of pixels) when suddenly he feels something soft and furry touch his neck. He flinches, jabbing the wrong key and causing his sorceress to do something that looks like a chicken dance.

"What-"

"Wow, are you ticklish?"

"Stop-" Kenma struggles to get away while refusing to take his eyes off the game, but it proves to be disastrous when a random troll easily runs his avatar over and proceeds to drain it of life. He growls in a frustrated manner, swinging his head to glare at the laughing lump that is Kuroo. "What is your problem?"

Kuroo keeps laughing, his long black tail dancing in the air. "You're strange."

Kenma frowns. "What?"

"You're strange," repeats Kuroo, wiping a tear from his eye. He straightens, leaning forward to stare at Kenma's face. "Wouldn't normal people be freaking out about me right now? And here you're ignoring me playing your little game."

The smaller boy scowls. "So what if I'm not normal?" He spent his whole middle school era struggling to fit in, before deciding that killing monsters and training Pokemon was a much more productive and fulfilling thing to do. He doesn't need some random cat telling him he's not normal; he knows it well enough.

"Hey, I didn't mean it in a bad way." Kuroo's smirk is gone now. His sharp eyes rest on Kenma, thoughtful but unreadable. "Just... you're different from everyone else I've come across, is all. Thanks."

"Huh?"

"For bringing me here and giving me clothes and feeding me and, well, treating me like I'm not a monster."

Kenma stares at Kuroo, who's giving him that same genuine smile he saw back downstairs in the kitchen, when he asked him if he was okay. Kenma finds himself thinking it's a very nice smile before shaking the thought away. "You're... welcome." He glances back at the screen. "Can I play my game now."

Kuroo laughs, the warm sound filling Kenma's ears. "Go ahead."

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A couple hours later, when he finally beats the boss, Kenma stretches his arms over his head. The rain is still coming down, but less angrily than before. His parents had come home around an hour ago, but decided to leave him be after calling out a greeting. Kenma sighs, turning off the screen. He thinks he's forgetting something when he stands and shuffles over to his bed, but can't remember what.

"Ow!"

There's some struggling and elbows in the face and something soft tickling his nose before Kenma is shoved onto the floor again, his hair covering his eyes. He peers up in the dark and sees a pair of eyes glinting down at him.

"... Kuroo."

"... Did you forget I was here?"

"... No."

Kuroo sighs, rubbing his eyes. "You totally did. Did you beat the game?" He reaches down to pull the smaller boy up, and Kenma nearly let out an embarrassing squeak at how easily he's lifted up. Kuroo's arms didn't just look muscular and drool-worthy; they were the real deal.

Kenma can't believe he just thought that.

"Yeah." Kenma, now sitting on the bed next to a sleepy Kuroo, stares at his feet. "Um. Are you. Uh." He doesn't know how to phrase it, but Kuroo seems to get the gist of it.

"Staying? Yeah, I intend to." Despite the dark, Kenma thinks he can see the cocky grin on the other boy's face. "You're not going to kick your guest out, are you? I mean, you're the one that took me here. And your parents are out there, aren't they?"

Kenma bites his lips. He's kind of tired and doesn't really want to play with Kuroo's bait. "Just... this is my bed."

"I know. It's comfy."

"... I'm going to sleep now?"

"'Kay. 'Night."

Kenma frowns when Kuroo just flops back under the covers and tucks his tail around himself. He pokes him in the back. "Kuroo."

"Kenma." One eyes opens tiredly to look at the setter. "Come on, you're not embarrassed about sleeping with me, are you? I saw you naked and stuff. You did too."

Kenma's thankful for the dark because his face flames. He'd forgotten about that. When a yawn escapes him, he makes a decision. He grabs the covers and slips in beside Kuroo, glad he's too tired to think about anything other than _it's warm in here _as he settles down. He turns so his back is facing Kuroo, closing his eyes.

He's drifting off to a dream about the newest 3DS when he feels something press against his back and something wrap around his waist. He wriggles, turning. "Kuroo, what-"

"Shh, you're warm."

Kenma frowns, thinking that Kuroo's the one who's warm, do cats have a higher temperature or what, but the day's fatigue is catching up to him and he decides that he'll do something about Kuroo's boldness tomorrow because yeah, it is warm.

It's strange because he always thought his bed was too big for himself, and too cold despite all the blankets and pillows he keeps. Maybe it was the rain or whatever, but right then Kenma thinks it's perfect.

2. bless you, kenma

****idk what the heck i'm doing, writing is hard these days
>also i'm not too sure about how they address each other, in terms of familiarity (ken-chan sounds weird, doesn't it).**

****_disclaimer: _i don't own haikyuu! in any way, shape, or form**

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**><p>When Kenma woke up the next morning, there's something black and furry right in front of his face. He sneezes, and the heavy weight around his middle moves. He frowns at the ceiling.
What...?<p>**

"Hrrnnng." A low growling sound comes from the lump on his chest, and Kenma looks down. There's messy black hair and... cat ears?

Kenma closes his eyes. Right, yesterday happened. Running out of battery, rain, cat, naked boy with abs, wait what. His eyes pop open again, and he shoves at the lump. "Get off."

"Mmmrrrw." The other flops back to his side of the bed, his eyes slowing blinking open. Kenma sits up, wondering if he should be freaking out at the fact that he's not freaked out waking up next to a stranger (well, stranger-ish). In fact, Kenma actually feels... pretty good, for once, considering it's a school day-oh, shit.

"Morning practice!" Kenma scrambles out of bed, only to fall face first onto his floor. He groans, getting up and struggling to pull on his uniform. He forgot to set his alarm last night and now he's only got half an hour to get out of the house. Kenma's so busy imagining the horrible extra laps Yaku-san will make him do that he doesn't even notice Kuroo sitting up and watching him with a lazy smirk on his face.

"Hey, Kenma?"

"What?" Kenma frantically digs in his closet, wondering where the heck his hoodie went when he was sure he saw it in here yesterday.

"You're wearing that shirt backwards."

"What-?" Kenma looks down, and realizes he's right. He quickly turns it inside out and throws it back on, returning to his search. "Look, I've got morning practice and school so I'll be out all day so you should- you just..." Kenma turns, his hoodie located and in his hands, but an uncertain frown on his face. "You..." Kenma blinks at Kuroo's hair, which (amazingly) was even worse than the spiky mess he remembers from yesterday. "Wow, your bedhead is impressive."

Kuroo scowls, trying in vain to pat down his black hair. "Says the boy with the pudding head."

"I got lazy about dying it again," mutters Kenma, putting on the hoodie. "What are you going to do all day? I'm assuming you're staying here."

Kuroo grins at him. "Yup," he says, popping the 'p'. "I'll be your new pet. You like cats, don't ya?"

"You're not a real cat," Kenma points out. He sighs, deciding he doesn't have time for this. "What if my parents catch you?"

"I'll just go back into my cat form and hide. I can keep like that for half a day, almost."

Kenma sighs. "Please don't destroy my games while I'm gone." He pauses as he's heading out the door. "There's some fish in the fridge, I think."

Kuroo blows a kiss, his cat ears twitching on his head. "Have fun hitting balls around, Kenma!"

Kenma slams the door shut.

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"Hey, Kenma, are you okay?" Yaku-san peers at him in concern. "You look kind of sick."

"I'm fine," Kenma means to reply, but he interrupts himself with a sneeze.

"Holy shit, I thought the roof was gonna blow off!" Yamamoto guffaws off to the side, while Fukunaga shakes his head beside him.

"I'm fine," repeats Kenma, wiping at his nose.

Yaku-san's look of concern doesn't fade. "Did you walk home in the rain yesterday? Is that why you're sick? You should go home if you're sick."

"Yeah, what if you get the rest of us sick? I don't want your germs," Lev pipes up, holding his hands up.

Kenma sends him a look, causing the long-limbed giant to yelp and hurry away. "I'm not sick," he says, just as another violent sneeze racks his body.

"I think you're sick," declares Yaku-san. He steps closer, the expression on his face reminding Kenma of his mother, when she's made up her mind about something and intends to intimidate everyone into doing as she wants, while exclaiming, 'It's for your own good!'

"Well, practice is almost over, anyway," the captain, Kai, interrupts, saving Kenma from a very scary fate of being babied to death by the team's libero. "Why don't you go change, Kenma, and if you really don't feel well, you can head home later."

Kenma nods, rubbing at his nose. He'd rather not go home, because that just meant there would be catch-up work to do. But he does feel a bit under the weather, his brain moving slower than usual, as proven when one of Inuoka's over-excited spikes nearly makes painful contact with his head. He waves off the "Sorry, Kenma-san!" and heads to the club room to change.

Somehow, he makes it through the day, but by the time the last bell rings, he's almost dead on his feet. He can't even summon the strength to play on his phone. Thank gods it's Friday because the first thing he's going to do when he gets home is collapse on his bed and sleep until this headache disappears.

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Unfortunately, the moment he gets home he's bombarded with the smell of something sizzling. He drops his bag, rushing into the kitchen, only to find a tall cat-boy standing at the stove, humming to himself as he flips something with a spatula.

"Kuroo." Kenma inches closer, realizing that the sizzling smell actually smelled good and less like burning.

"Oh, you're back." Kuroo's tail flicks him on the shoulder. "Do you

like fish?"

Kenma shrugs. "You can cook?"

Kuroo tosses him his usual smirk. "I can do a lot of things, babe."

Kenma nods, wondering if it's sad that he's already used to the borderline flirtatious things the other spouts. He goes and picks up his bag to put away. When he comes back downstairs, Kuroo's already setting down two plates of something steaming. He sits down, a bit surprised that the fish actually looks pretty good.

"Hey, don't look so surprised," Kuroo says, his plate already half-empty. "I'm always good at what I do. Except when I'm not," he adds as an afterthought.

Kenma chooses not to reply, even though he has to agree that the fish actually isn't that bad. Better than anything he can cook, anyway- he shudders, remembering that time he tried to make himself dinner when his parents were out. There are still scorch marks on the ceiling.

"Is it good?" grins Kuroo.

Kenma nods. "Thank you."

"So was school fun?" Kuroo follows Kenma up to his room, tail trailing the walls as they go. "How was practice?"

"Mm... it was good," answers Kenma. He rubs his nose, feeling a sneeze coming on, but he holds it back.

"Just good? Don't you like volleyball?"

"It's fine." Kenma flops down on his bed, feeling like his head is stuffed with cotton balls. He shuts his eyes.

"Hey, are you okay?" Kenma opens one eye blearily to see Kuroo leaning over him and watching him in concern. "You look kind of pale."

"Mm." He turns away, throwing the covers over himself. It's kind of cold in here. "Could you just... um. Parents will be. Home... soon..." Sneeze, which turns into coughing. Kenma scowls at his wall.

"You're sick, aren't you."

"Nn. No." Cough.

"Yes, you are." The extra weight on his bed disappears, causing Kenma to turn back around and open his eyes.

"Where..." He nearly has a heart attack when he comes face to face with Kuroo's face. He watches the black cat ears droop as the other stares at him with those sharp, piercing eyes.

"Tell me, Kenma. What do I do?"

Kenma blinks. "Do...?"

"I've never taken care of a sick person before. Do I call the ambulance?"

"No. It's not... it's not serious, I just-" Kenma breaks into coughs, sniffing. "Mom usually makes soup. And make me eat-" cough, wheeze, _wow this cold is escalating a little too dramatically, isn't it_, "-medicine."

"Where is that?"

"In the cabinet next to the tv..."

"Be right back."

Kenma closes his eyes, the headache now pounding through his head. A minute later, a soft pressure is on his forehead, and he opens his eyes again. Kuroo is holding too many boxes, asking him which one is the right one. Kenma points, and somehow sits up to take the medicine, while Kuroo watches him carefully, as if he might fade away into nothing if he doesn't.

"Do you feel better now?" asks the cat-boy, eyeing him closely.

"No," rasps Kenma, after another coughing fit. "It doesn't-it doesn't work that fast." He sniffs, flopping back down on his bed. "You should... stay away. In case. You get sick."

Kuroo frowns at him, but Kenma just burrows back under the covers. He feels like a truck ran him over and then dumped him into a river. He doesn't even know how to swim.

A shuffling sound, and then the bed dips as another person's weight falls next to Kenma. There's some wriggling and then a strong, warm arm sneaks around Kenma's side. He groans.

"What are you doing?"

"You're cold, so..."

"I'm not... cold..." Kenma twists, trying to push Kuroo's weight off him, but Kuroo's stronger than he is. "You'll get sick," he huffs, too tired to fight.

Something soft tickles his neck as Kuroo nudges his face against him. "Nope. You're shivering. And I don't get sick." He snuggles even closer, wrapping his tail around Kenma's leg, too.

Kenma doesn't bother replying, already drifting into sleep.

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The next time he wakes, there's no strong, strangely familiar arm around him. The sky is dark but he's no longer shivering.

"Kenma, how are you feeling?" His mother's quiet voice sounds somewhere above him, and he blinks in her direction. She's changed

from her business suit to comfortable sweatpants she usually wears at home; he must have been out for hours. "Are you hungry?"

He sits up slightly, rubbing his eyes. His head still feels like it's been stuffed with cotton balls, but he feels less like death and rotted vegetables. "I... A little."

"Okay, well, I made some stew, if you want. Then you should take a bath and rest up, alright, honey? Did you take medicine already?"

He nods. He feels like he's forgetting something until she asks the last question, and then stares at her in mild alarm. If she's home, and he's been passed out for a while, then where was Kuroo?

"That's good. You should have told us you adopted a cat, Kenma. You don't know how surprised I was when I came home to find the little thing pawing at your door."

For a moment, Kenma freaks out because what she said just didn't make sense. And then he looks where she's pointing, to see a smug cat curled up by his legs on the blankets. The cat opens one eye lazily and winks at him.

"Uh," Kenma says intelligently.

His mother smiles. "It's a smart cat, telling me you weren't feeling well." She moves to his door. "Come down and eat something, okay?"

When her footsteps fade, he stares back at the cat in stunned silence. Kuroo just rolls over and licks his paw, the air around him offhandedly victorious. As if saying, _look how awesome I am, no need to thank me_. Kenma shakes his head, pushing the covers away. "Now my parents think I adopted you," he says to the cat.

The cat just blinks at him.

"What am I going to do when they find out that you talk? And walk? And is actually a _human-cat hybrid_?"

Kenma swears the cat rolls his eyes. Kuroo gets up onto his feet, and headbutts Kenma on the side.

"Okay, I'm going," Kenma stands up slowly in case dizziness rushes at him. When he's able to stand without falling back onto his face, he looks down at Kuroo the cat. "Thanks."

The furry black thing doesn't even acknowledge the mumbled gratitude, he just trots ahead of the pudding head with his tail in the air.

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"How long are you going to stay like that?"

Kenma's lying back in bed after a hot bath and some dinner. He's feeling a bit better, but still tired. Kuroo the cat is sitting next to him, grooming his fur. Kenma's a little surprised at the normal cat-like behaviour, but he decides he really doesn't know anything about the hybrid.

The cat looks at him briefly, before lifting one shoulder in a shrug.

"Is there a set time when you can change?" Kenma's read and played enough video games to go about this in a completely scientific and methodical way. Except, of course, the fact that such beings like Kuroo didn't exist. Until, apparently, they did.

The cat gives him a look like, _I'm a cat, did you expect me to talk back?_

Kenma shrugs. He yawns, breaking into small coughs as he settles back under his covers. "You should... explain it to me," he says drowsily as his eyes slip shut again. "Since... you're staying and all."

Kenma doesn't see it, but when he said that, the cat's ears perks up, and sharp eyes watch the sleeping boy with some strong emotion hard to define. It's strange, how easily the pudding head accepts Kuroo, yet at the same time it's not completely surprising. It's as if he's been wandering for too long and finally, he's come home to warmth and shelter. He hadn't even planned on staying for real, it was just a spur of the moment thing, and it was freaking cold that day. But somehow, in the last twenty four hours, the smaller boy has managed to tear his guard down and make him want to spill every last secret that he has kept bottled up ever since he's been on his own. It's scary. But Kuroo doesn't think he minds. Nope, he doesn't mind at all.

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><p>thanks to all who's reading this, and thanks also to that guest who left a review. here's the "more", though i can't guarantee it's up to anyone's standards, gomen. too busy sobbing my heart out to this week's anime episodes, holy flying fried shrimps.

3. kuroo's a bad idea

**halfway through i forgot i was writing kuroo and not kise. or bokuto. apparently there's a difference between trash. **

anyway, here's your fave trashcat and fave pudding head.

* * *

><p>Kenma's head is a lot clearer when he sits up at a quarter after ten. There's sun streaming in through his window, birds chirping, but no cat in his room. He wonders idly for a moment where Kuroo might be, and then he panics because it's Saturday and _his parents are home_.

In his haste to find the cat-but-not-really, he nearly takes himself out tripping down the stairs. Righting himself on the last step, he sucks in a breath when he realizes there's someone whistling in the kitchen, because no one in his family can whistle. No one. So that means it's Kuroo bustling around in the kitchen.

"Kenma, you're up!" Kuroo turns off the stove just as Kenma walks into the kitchen. He grins dazzlingly, moving over to ruffle the pudding head's hair. "You're feeling better right? I made you breakfast."

Kenma frowns at him slightly, and then glances around. "Where are..." He spots a note taped to the fridge. His mother's neat handwriting tells him that they'll be back in the evening after running some errands. He sighs in relief.

"You didn't run into my parents, did you?" he says as he sits down at the table next to Kuroo.

The taller boy tilts his head. "Yeah, I did. They smiled and told me to take care of you."

Kenma stares at him in silent horror. And then Kuroo's poker face breaks into a heart-pounding-shit-eating grin, and Kenma scowls at him. "You're a jerk."

Kuroo's cat ears flicks twice, his smirk still in place. "I wasn't lying. I was in kitty form though, don't worry."

Kenma doesn't answer, choosing to fill his stomach first instead. He pretends not to notice the cat-boy's sharp-eyed gaze, or the way his long black tail keeps shifting against his leg. It's starting to tickle.

"Stop," he hisses, brushing the tail away.

"Why, is pudding head ticklish?"

Kenma glares at the other boy, but Kuroo just chuckles in amusement. He seems to find Kenma very amusing, which the smaller boy doesn't understand and doesn't really appreciate very much. It's hard enough going through school as the 'gloomy weirdo video game addict' without having a half-cat half-human boy smirking at him all the time.

"Hey, Kenma. Hey, Kenma." Kuroo pokes at the smaller boy with his finger. "Hey, Ken-"

"What?" Kenma is not pleased.

"I'm bored."

Kenma sighs. "What do you want to do, then?"

"Let's go out."

"Excuse me?"

The black-haired boy stretches across the table, his narrowed eyes watching Kenma lazily. "I've been cooped up in your house for a day. And the fresh air will do you good, too."

Kenma frowns, rubbing his nose. "But..." He looks pointedly at the cat ears and the tail that is still waving around dangerously close to Kenma's body.

"I'll just wear that ugly sweater you gave me the other day." As if

to prove his point, Kuroo lifts the sweater and throws on the hood, effectively hiding the top of his head.

Kenma sighs. "Where do you even want to go?"

Kuroo's face peeks out from the sweater. "Well, it'd be great if I had something better than this offending sweater to wear." He grins at the appalled look the pudding head dons.

"Fine," Kenma sighs.

(à¹`â†€á†°â†€à¹`)â€§

"Would you sit down," pleads Kenma. The pudding head slouches down further on his seat in the back of the subway train, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible, unlike _somebody_, who insists on bouncing from seat to seat, pressing his face against the windows like it's the most amazing thing since mechanical pencils.

"You gotta enjoy the view while you can, Kenma," Kuroo says seriously, before hopping across the aisle and almost landing on a dozing old lady.

Why am I doing this, Kenma wonders for the fifty ninth time since they left the house this morning. He coughs, closing his eyes. He's feeling better, thankfully, but that doesn't mean he's prepared to deal with a certain cat-boy whose tail is sticking out of his_oh, shit._

"Kuroo. Kuroo," Kenma hisses, waving his hand slightly at the taller boy, whose face is pressed flat against the window pane on the other side of the train.

Kuroo ignores the urgency in the pudding head's voice, instead pointing noisily out the window at some tower in the distance. Meanwhile, the black furry tail insists on wriggling out of the sweater.

Kenma bites his lip as he glances frantically around the train. He's not sure why but he thinks it's probably not a good idea for Kuroo's secret that he's _not entirely human _to come out in the middle of the subway. He lunges for the taller boy, pressing against the tail just as it pokes out from under the offending article of clothing. He glances around once more, sighing in relief when nobody so much as glanced their way. The old lady continues to snore on.

"Kenma, if you wanted me to hug you, you could have just said so."

At the sound of the smooth, flirty voice, Kenma realizes that his arms are wrapped tightly around Kuroo's middle. He blushes hard, unwrapping himself but still standing so the tail is covered.

"Fix your sweater," he whispers, refusing to look Kuroo in the eye.

The other chuckles, but obeys, turning around so his tail is hidden while he adjusts the sweater. Kenma returns to his seat, sliding down even as Kuroo comments on the redness of his face.

Stupid cat.

(à¹`â†€á†°â†€à¹`)â€§

This was the worst idea _ever_.

Kenma grits his teeth as he trails stands in the corner of the store, clutching his phone in one hand to look like he is preoccupied and in no way related to the boy in an ugly maroon sweater currently trying to take half the store into the changerooms.

They've been around three clothing stores already, probably the longest Kenma's ever spent in them, and Kuroo still insists on trying on every single thing that catches his eye. Kenma doesn't mind if it means he can just sit and gain a high score on his phone, but the money comes out of his own wallet and it doesn't help that Kuroo is the opposite of Kenma: very eye-catching.

"Kenma! Kenma, come over here!"

Kenma groans as he looks up to find Kuroo across the store waving at him to go over. He can spot at least three store employees that look more than a little disgruntled at a certain customer. Sighing, Kenma trudges over.

"What are you doing?" he says flatly.

"Which colour do you think looks better on me, blue or red?"

"I don't care."

"C'mon, Kenma, don't be a party-poopers."

"We've been in here for two hours."

"Red, I think, hm?"

Kenma sighs, pulling out his phone again. "I'm hungry, Kuroo."

"Alright, alright. Last one." The cat-boy ducks back into the changing room with a smirk. Kenma just rolls his eyes.

When Kuroo finally has all he wants, the two make their way to the food court. The taller has ditched the ugly sweater in favour of a black-and-silver hoodie that is just tight enough to bring out the defined lines of his shoulders and arms. Kenma totally did not stare at his companion as they walk by countless girls that stop to look twice and giggle much too loudly.

"Here."

Kenma looks up at the other boy's sudden voice. Kuroo has his hand open towards him, an expectant expression on his face. "What?"

"Give me those bags," the cat-boy explains, pointing down to where Kenma's hands are preoccupied with the results of their tiring shopping session. "I'll carry them."

The smaller boy looks down at the bags, then back up at Kuroo. He

appears to be sincere and genuinely wanting to help. Kenma gives up the bags, and Kuroo takes them without fuss. They continue on their way, with the cat-boy humming some airy tune. Except Kenma can't seem to get rid of the weird fluttering in his chest that has gotten louder since the darker boy's eyes connected with his own golden eyes.

They order some burgers and fries because Kenma's wallet is crying, and then sit down in the corner of the food court. Kenma scrunches down in his seat, feeling the fatigue from walking around in such a crowded place creeping up on him. He pulls out his phone, ducking his head so his hair is shielding his face.

"What are you doing?" asks Kuroo, stealing one of his fries.

"Playing a game," replies Kenma in a murmur. He doesn't look up.

"I thought you were hungry."

Kenma reaches over and picks up a fry. He continues tapping away on his phone, ignoring the slight annoyance at how much attention Kuroo is giving him.

"What are you playing?"

"A game."

Kuroo chuckles, continuing to stuff fries in his mouth while staring across the table at the pseudo-blond. "If you keep playing your game, I'm going to eat all your fries."

Kenma doesn't reply for a good few minutes, until he glances up to see Kuroo taking the whole box of fries. He scowls, finally putting down his phone to snatch the box back. The other boy just laughs, relinquishing his hold. They eat in silence for a while, until a _ding! _comes from Kenma's phone. Faster than the boy can blink, Kuroo's long fingers has swiped the phone away.

"Wha-give it back!" Kenma curses his short arms, leaning across the table and trying to grab his phone. It doesn't work.

"Ohoho, who's this shrimpy-looking kid?"

"Shouyou," Kenma automatically answers, before frowning again. He stands and goes around the table, but Kuroo also stands to get away. "Kuroo," he whines.

"Wow, this Shouyou's grammar is atrocious," comments the smirking cat-boy. Another _ding! _and Kuroo's smirk grows wider. "Oho, a picture. His friend's got quite the scowl on him." _Kageyama_, Kenma's brain supplies.

"Kuroo." Kenma stops, holding out his hand. He gives the other boy the sternest look he can muster. Which isn't very good, apparently, because Kuroo just grins at him.

"Hey, let's send one back to him." Without warning, Kuroo bounds over next to him in one quick move, and _snap_. "Would ya look at that, I'm pretty photogenic."

Kenma's eyes widen in horror as he watches Kuroo's fingers fiddle with his phone. The taller boy is still dancing just out of reach. "Kuroo, what are you-don't you dare-"

"Aaaand sent." Kuroo hands back the phone, finally, but Kenma's stomach drops because he knows it's already too late.

_Ding! _

[Shouyou]: **_omg whos dat kenma his smirk is suspicious is he ur new best friend? **__(***(**_**â°´**_**Â³**_**â°µ**_**)) **__**but im ur best friend!**_

Kenma groans, tapping away and trying to do damage control. "Stop laughing," he hisses at Kuroo, who's now sitting down and nonchalantly resuming consumption of his fries.

[You]: _**no, he's not. he's nobody. **_

[Shouyou]: _**i kno ur lying! gasp! is he ur new bf?! kenma y didnt u tell me u got a boyfriend? **_â^'_**(;Â°Đ"Â°)**_

Eyes widening, Kenma's thought processes crunch to a halt. How the heck did Shouyou even come up with that conclusion, he'll never know. He'd confided in his over-excitabile friend a while back that he has no interest in girls, and the Karasuno player had taken it in stride, responding with his own confession of liking both guys and girls. Normally, Kenma wouldn't dare admit any secret to another soul, especially to someone as hyperactive as Shouyou, but they've been friends for a while now, and as talkative as Shouyou is, Kenma knows that the younger wing spiker wouldn't dream of spilling a friend's secret. Now, though, Kenma doesn't even know how to respond to this misunderstanding.

[You]: _**he's not my boyfriend **_

[Shouyou]: _**then who is he?**_

Kenma frowns. How is he supposed to answer that question? Shouyou has a pretty excitable imagination, but even the reality of _Yeah, it was raining one day and I found this cat-human hybrid and sort of adopted him_ is a bit too much to take in.

[You]: _**just a friend.**_

Shouyou doesn't reply right away, probably distracted by a stray volleyball or more likely, a 5'11" genius setter with a horror story of a smile, so Kenma takes that as a chance to breathe. He looks up to find Kuroo smirking at him across the table.

"You're terrible," he tells him.

"You wound me," Kuroo responds lightly. "What did your friend say?"

"Your smirk is suspicious."

Kuroo grabs his at his chest dramatically, feigning an offended expression. "Suspicious? I'll have you know, this smirk has charmed

many many ladies and children."

Kenma raises an eyebrow. "And then caused them to call the cops?"

Kuroo sighs. "Your way with words has me bleeding, sweetheart." Kuroo holds out the box of fries again, his smirk softening into an actual smile. "Here, pudding head. Saved some just for you."

Glancing into the other boy's dark eyes, Kenma takes the box without comment. Somehow, he's getting used to this back-and-forth with Kuroo, the way he'll be annoyed until he wants to pull his hair out but then the other will turn around and offer him a hand. He doesn't understand what Kuroo's aim is, just that he's going to drive him crazy. Yet... he can't say that the boy's presence is a bad thing.

Ding!

[Shouyou]: **_**u have to let me meet him! k kenma?**

****__**(**__**â¹'â€¢**__**î€**__**ã...,â€¢**__**î•)**__**Û^**_**

Kenma face plants into the table. Never mind, this whole mess with Kuroo is going to take years off his life. He mourns the quiet days when it was just him and his games. Goodbye, high scores. Hello, headaches.

* * *

><p>lmao idk wtf this is

4. word of the day is 'comfy'

****bear with me for this sucky chapter- also i wasn't one of those lucky kids in fourth grade that owned a gameboy and sadly i've never played pokemon.****

* * *

><p>"Kenma. Keeeeenma. Kenmaaa."<p>

The pudding-headed boy frowns, turning away from the drawling voice slightly. His eyes never leave the small screen of his Gameboy, the game making quiet sounds as he plays where he is seated on his bed.

"You've been playing for hours."

"Mm."

"Do you do this all the time? Do you have friends? Do you have a life?"

Kenma scowls, though his gaze stays on the device in his hands. Kuroo is sprawled out beside him and has been alternating between poking around the room curiously and poking around Kenma annoyingly, whining and trying to get a rise out of the boy. If there is one quality Kenma is proud of (other than being able to win at video games) it's that he is a very patient person. He can wait anything out, whether

it be the newest slash-and-hack video game or the late bus or a teacher that feels the need to repeat their point four different ways. Mostly it's because he's too busy trying to break the new level of Candy Crush or maybe he's just too lazy and shy to actually change the situation, but Kenma can endure a whole lot before he reacts in more than a mild manner. Kuroo, however, is pushing on his buttons a whole lot harder than anyone has ever done before.

"Kenmaaaaa."

Kenma can feel his blood pressure rising. He's this close to beating this gym leader and this close to punching Kuroo in the face, which is a shame because the cat-boy's got a pretty good-looking face and holy crap Kenma is going to focus on his Pokemon now.

He hears a huff, and thinks that maybe Kuroo's given it a rest already, but the next moment there's a weight dropped onto his lap. He lets out an embarrassingly high-pitched squeak, nearly flinging his game across the room. Looking down, he sees a headful of wild dark hair and two furry black ears spread across his thighs. A self-satisfied smirk stares back at him.

"Wh-what are you doing, Kuroo?"

"Enjoying myself."

Kenma purses his lips, glancing away. He can feel his cheeks reddening a bit at Kuroo's blatant... boldness. He presses some buttons on his Gameboy, but he's already too distracted by the extra weight and heat in his lap.

"Can you please... move."

"No, I don't feel like it."

"Kuroo."

"Kenma."

"... Kuroo."

"Your lap is comfy, okay? And this way you can play your game while I take a nap. Win-win."

Kenma wants to argue, "What kind of logic is that?" but Kuroo's eyes have closed and it's not like he wants to waste extra effort shoving the cat off his legs and he can't deny that the extra warmth is pretty comfortable and yeah, he'll just go back to his game now.

After his victory, Kenma shuts off the device and looks down to see the soft rise and fall of Kuroo's chest, telling Kenma he's fallen asleep for real. For a moment, the pseudo-blond just stares down at the cat-boy in his lap. It's finally quiet, not even the sound of his game to distract from the slightly hypnotic rhythm of Kuroo's breathing, and despite the close contact with another person, Kenma's feeling quite peaceful and almost sleepy. Yawning, Kenma shifts slightly until Kuroo's head is on the bed. Then he slides down until

he's also lying on the bed, eyes blinking slowly. Maybe he'll take a nap too. He glances at Kuroo's sleeping face one last time before shutting his own eyes, sighing softly. It's a lot warmer with someone else lying next to him.

=^._.^=

There's something warm pressing onto the top of his head. And his back. And his legs. And over his hip, around his middle. Something heavy and muscular and strangely human-shaped.

Kenma blinks open his eyes to see his wall staring back at him. It takes him a moment to remember where he is. He was playing a game, and it was a quiet afternoon, and it was comfortable, and he fell asleep. But there's something he's forgetting...

"Mmrow."

There's a shift of weight behind him, and then something tickling his cheek. Kenma stiffens at the sudden contact, and then closes his eyes. For some reason, he gets the feeling that he should be freaking out or doing something at the fact that there's a near stranger on his bed, or the fact that he had fallen asleep with said person, but to be honest there's a part of Kenma that wants to go straight back to sleep. It was as comfortable as it was strange, because Kenma is the sort of person that hates any physical contact he didn't initiate.

"I know you're awake." A low voice filled with amusement warms his ears.

Kenma sighs. "You're squishing me."

"Mm, but you're comfy."

"The bed isn't that small, Kuroo."

The other doesn't reply, instead nuzzling into Kenma's hair. Kenma squirms a bit, not used to the intimate gesture. It feels ticklish, and strange, but surprisingly, not uncomfortable. He blinks at the wall.

"What time is it?"

"Almost dinner time."

"... We fell asleep."

"Yup. Are you feeling better?"

Kenma's distracted for a moment by Kuroo's fingers playing with his hair. He keeps still, discovering that he doesn't unlike the feeling of someone playing with his hair. "...What do you mean?"

"You looked like you needed the rest. Maybe it was your cold."

Kenma makes a small noise equivalent to a shrug. He does feel a lot better after that nap, and he's pretty sure he's over the cold by now. It still doesn't explain his feeling relaxed in this near-cuddling position though.

"Kuroo." Kenma shifts, trying to wriggle out of the cat's hold.

"Where are you going?"

"It's getting kind of... hot."

"Aw, I apologize."

Kenma pauses in his squirming, now facing the other, and gives Kuroo a blank look. "Did you just compliment yourself?"

Kuroo grins, his tail flicking up between them. "Self-confidence is the key to success."

Kenma frowns at him, unsure what that comment is supposed to mean. He sighs, sitting up. Pushing his hair out of his face, he surveys the room as he contemplates what to do now. Kuroo is now lying on his back, eyes slipping closed again. He's wearing one of the new hoodies that they bought yesterday, and the colour makes his unruly black hair appear even darker than ever. Without noticing, Kenma's hand has reached out towards Kuroo's head. He wants to know if it's as soft as it looks.

Catching himself before Kuroo's eyes can flicker open, Kenma retracts his hand mere inches from the cat's black hair, and tells himself to get a grip. Somehow he's gotten used to the other's presence, but that doesn't mean he can just start following his weird impulses and getting distracted by those sly intelligent eyes and liking the warmth when the cat-boy comes and thinking weird thoughts that Kenma has never thought of before in his life, not when his classmates started whispering and snickering to each other while eyeing the girls in their class or when Yamamoto started loudly sharing his opinion on girls and his apparently hidden sexual prowess. Kenma was only interested in his games and occasionally volleyball after playing a match with Shouyou and he was fine with it.

Until he happened to pick up a stray cat.

"Hey, Kenma. While you were snoring away your phone rang. Some kid Yamamoto wanted to know if there was practice tomorrow after school."

"Oh."

There's a pause. And then, "Hey, Kenma."

"Mm?"

"Can I come to practice?"

"Huh?" Kenma blinks up at Kuroo, who shrugs, furry cat ears flicking on his head.

"I'm curious. You don't seem to like anything but video games but you're on a volleyball team."

"That's..." Kenma glances away. "... because Shouyou likes it. And we win. Mostly."

"I want to see you play." Kuroo sits up too, leaning closer to Kenma. He has that smirk on his face, but there's genuine interest glittering in his dark eyes. "It's fun, yeah?"

Kenma shrugs, eyes shifting from the other boy's to the bed. He watches Kuroo's long black tail move lazily on the covers. "It's okay."

"So I can come tomorrow, yeah?"

"Mm."

"Great. I can't wait."

Kenma suddenly realized what he'd just sort of accidentally agreed to. "Wait. But. You can't!"

"Why not?"

Wordlessly, Kenma points at Kuroo's head. "Most people don't..."

Kuroo sighs, reaching up to brush some of his hair away. "Yeah, I get it, my bedhead is extraordinary. I'm kidding," he adds, grinning at the flat look Kenma sends his way. "I know, cat-human hybrids aren't mainstream. Yet." He shrugs. "Surely you own a toque or something? That way we can deal with the kitty ears _and _my awesome gravity-defying hair."

Kenma frowns slightly. He has to admit that was a pretty reasonable solution, but he still can't help being hesitant. He wasn't known to be one of the more vocal members of the team, and if he suddenly decided to bring a -friend? pet? what was Kuroo's relationship with him again?- there'll definitely be questions, or at least second glances. Which doesn't really agree with Kenma. But, well, Kuroo does have the build for volleyball, the height and the muscle power. And Kenma did win his spot as starting setter fair and square. That means they won't do anything if Kuroo messes up, right? What's Kuroo going to mess up anyway? Kenma's overthinking again, isn't he.

"Hello, earth to Puddinghead." Fingers flick his forehead.

"Ow." Kenma scowls at Kuroo, rubbing his forehead. "Okay. You can come tomorrow. Whatever."

"Glad to see we're on the same page." Kuroo's answering grin nearly blinds Kenma, so bright and happy that Kenma's mind starts wondering what exactly the other boy has gone through to be that excited over _volleyball practice_.

* * *

><p>hopefully next one's quality will be way better
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End
file.